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in the air, and the body falls violently to the ground, like a pair of compasses which have opened out by their own weight. It was all very instructive, very curious, very amusing. "Relinque curiosita," said the book in my pocket. But I was far from being in that monastic mood as I watched these extraordinary contortions, done so blithely, yet so seriously, by Ténébreuse, Églantine, and Épi-d'Or; Nini-Patte-en-l'Air giving her orders with that professional air now more fixed than ever on her attentive face.

It was all so discreet, after a fashion, in its methodical order; so comically indiscreet, in another sense. I am avid of impressions and sensations; and here, certainly, was a new sensation, an impression of something not easily to be seen elsewhere. I sat and pondered, my chair pushed close back to the wall, Nini-Patte-en-l'Air by my side, and before me Ténébreuse, Églantine, and Épi-d'Or.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

From The English Review, London.

RAINY EVENING

Night, and a black and glistening web of streets.
 The water heaping up
 A broken pavestone's cup,
 Springing to join the thickening shower that beats.

Gold beads of light along the thoroughfare,
 Whose crinkled pictures glow
 Along the pools below;
 Gold, with a shattered ruby here and there.

The pat of feet that pass and pass again,
 Yet 'tis not you I hear,
 Though once you held me dear
 Enough to seek me, plunging, glad, through rain!

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.

From Cassell's Magazine, London.